

DAVIS

BAKING POWDER

NEXT W. C. T. U. HERE

HERE'S SOMETHING WE NEVER DID BEFORE!

Young Couples

Young couples who have a "home of their own" in mind will be astonished at the wonderful savings they can effect during this September Sale. Not only can they save, but they can use their credit.

Read this out loud! Every lady who received one of the free Imported-China Plates on the opening day of our great September Sale can get **Five More Plates to Match the First One** by making a purchase of \$5 or more any time during our

Special Information

Customers who do not want their purchase delivered until October, November or December, can make a small deposit down, and we will hold and deliver them when wanted.

SEPTEMBER SALE

Of Brand New Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, Etc.

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Now then, that's a liberal offer. And it is bona fide. It means that you not only get brand new furniture AT REDUCED PRICES but that you get FIVE Imported China Plates FREE with a purchase amounting to \$5 or more. Of course we have a selfish purpose in doing this. We seek to advertise this sale in such a way that you will get the most direct benefit of the advertising. It would be a great sale without the free plates, but it is doubly great WITH them thrown in.

Remember! All the goods are new! They won't be shown in other stores for months to come! And your credit is just as good now as though we were asking regular instead of reduced prices.

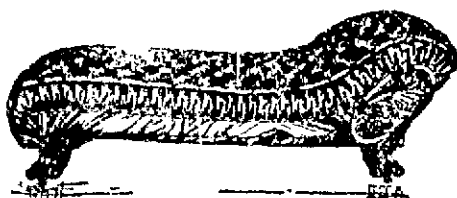
CARPETS AND RUGS

The September Sale of Rugs and Carpets Will Be Greater This Year Than Ever.

The stock is larger and consists of the very best that the world's markets affords. The immense business that we do in this department assures you of always looking at the very latest styles and patterns. We employ only expert workmen in this department, and give you expert carpet cutting and laying. We use heavy blue corrugated carpet lining, which means extra years of service in your carpet.

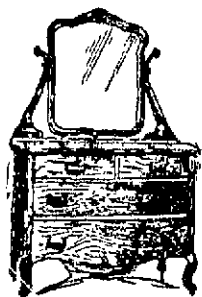
All Carpets Made, Laid and Lined Free.

Perpetual carpet, worth \$50 a yard, sale price.....	69c	9x12 Ingrain Rug, \$10 value, sale price only.....	\$5.95
Large rug, carpet, worth \$100 a yard, sale price.....	40c	9x12 Extra Heavy Brussels Room Rug, sale price.....	\$11.75
Very large rug, worth \$150 a yard, sale price.....	95c	9x12 Seamless Brussels Rug, sale price.....	\$14.75
Very large rug, worth \$150 a yard, sale price.....	95c	Very large Wood Mosaic Rug, 9x12, sale price.....	\$9.75
Extra large rug, worth \$200 a yard, sale price.....	\$1.25	9x12 Seamless Brussels Rug, sale price only.....	\$18.50
Very large rug, worth \$200 a yard, sale price.....	\$19.50	9x12 Mosaic Rug, usually sold for \$17.50, sale price.....	\$2.75
Extra large rug, worth \$200 a yard, sale price.....	\$19.50		



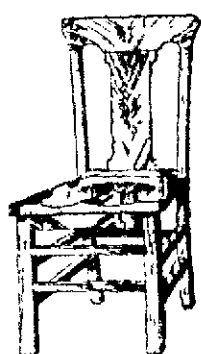
This \$20.00 Genuine Fabrikoid Leather Couch, Now \$12.75.

\$18.00 Couches, now.....	\$12.00
\$30.00 Couches, now.....	\$20.00
\$45.00 Leather Couch, now.....	\$28.75
\$60.00 Leather Couch, now.....	\$38.50



This \$12.00 Solid Oak Dresser \$8.85.

\$15.00 Solid Oak Dresser.....	\$10.00
\$18.00 Solid Oak Dresser.....	\$11.00
\$20.00 Solid Oak Dresser.....	\$13.00
\$25.00 Solid Oak Dresser.....	\$20.00



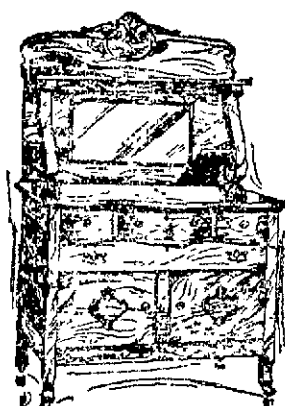
\$4.00 Genuine Leather Quarter Sawed Oak Diner, now \$2.75.

\$2.50 Oak Diner now.....	\$1.75
\$1.25 Diner now.....	\$1.00
\$6.00 Leather Seat Diner now.....	\$4.50
\$5.50 Leather Seat Diner now.....	\$4.00
\$10 Leather Seat Diner now.....	\$7.50



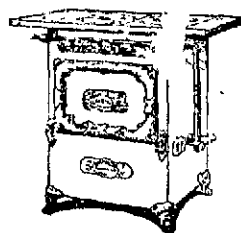
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

BRANCH STORES IN GREENSBURG AND JEANNETTE.



This Massive Sideboard \$12.75.

\$22.00 Sideboards now.....	\$14.75
\$30.00 Sideboards now.....	\$20.00
\$40.00 Sideboards now.....	\$27.50
\$50.00 Sideboards now.....	\$35.00
\$65.00 Sideboards now.....	\$42.50



This \$20.00 Gas Range, asbestos lined east from oven bottom, guaranteed to last. Special price \$12.75.

CREDIT

During this September Sale your credit is as good as gold, just as it is during every other month in the year.



Aaron's Guaranteed \$50 Davenport Bed with Separate Bed Spring and Felt Mattress. September Sale Price \$29.50

One motion makes the change from a beautiful Prior Davenport to a full size, comfortable bed, in one simple, easy operation. You do not sleep on the upholstery of this Davenport. It has strong, separate Bed Springs, with extra coils which disappear when not in use. This Davenport is indestructible. The mechanism is simple—nothing to get out of order. It is guaranteed to work perfectly. This Davenport has a solid oak frame, polished.

\$30.00 Davenport Beds, now.....	\$18.75	\$60.00 Davenport Beds, now.....	\$43.50
\$45.00 Davenport Beds, now.....	\$27.50	\$100.00 Davenport Beds, now.....	\$68.50

REMEMBER!

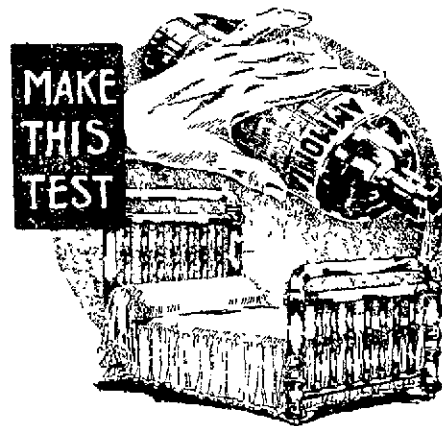
All these goods are new—no old patterns! No odds and ends! No left-overs! And all prices are Reduced!

Our Guaranteed Brass Beds

Are All Insured Never to Tarnish, Guaranteed to Give "Life-Long" Service.

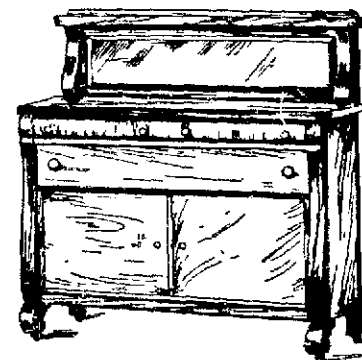
We'll make any test to show our beds are Non-tarnishable, Real Brass.

\$15.00 ALL BRASS BEDS.....	\$7.75
\$22.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$11.75
\$30.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$32.00
\$45.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$40.00
\$75.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$42.50
\$100.00 Brass Beds, now.....	\$67.00



Aaron's Guaranteed Buffet, in Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak. September Sale Price \$25.50

This Buffet is 48 inches long, and can be had in long, and can be had in Early English Finish or Golden Oak. One drawer is velvet lined and the mirror is of the best French plate. September Sale Price..... \$27.50



The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter, at the postoffice, Conneltsville, Pa., May 1, 1901.

THE DAILY COURIER, Publishers.

H. P. RYDER, President and Managing Editor.
H. S. STEINER, Secretary and Treasurer.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEP. 13, 1912.

FALSE IN ONE THING.
FALSE IN ALL.

Theodore Roosevelt publicly announced, November 3, 1901, and subsequently in substance reiterated:

On the 11th of March next, I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms expires the substance and not the form, and UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL I BE A CANDIDATE FOR OR ACCEPT ANOTHER NOMINATION.

LOCAL RAILROAD COMPETITION.

There is active competition between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Western Maryland railroads for the business along the line between the two cities and Conneltsville, and the through traffic out of Pittsburgh for the east, and some people profess to see in it a railroad war of no mean proportions.

There will be no war. Railroads war no more, either do they declare war. There will be keen competition for business, but no expensive reprisals. Railroads are no longer conducted in that fashion. The managers are courteous and obliging, and will continue so. They have come to lean on each other in operating their lines, especially in cases of disaster.

There may be some feeling between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Lake Erie railroads because of the latter's combine with the Western Maryland to make a competitor to the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Lake Erie and the Pennsylvania railroads pooled the coke output of the Conneltsville region for many years and combined to prevent any other railroad from coming into the region and taking a share of the business.

PREGNATIONS AND PRIMARIES.

The Sentiment of Somerset county, the Somerset Herald, finds redemptive features in the checkered political career of one William H. Hays, politician and contractor, always ambitious to be boss. It credits him with having for years been the chief champion of "a primary election law which will place all nominations in the hands of the people."

It is pity that law was not in force in Somerset county right now. The Hays are about to make some Bull Moose nominations by boss dictation without the consent of the people or consultation with them. The Hays are in the hands of the people.

Between Bull Moose nominations and party primaries there is a slight difference. In writing up his Progressive party prospects, the Chief Manufacturer of President Taft's, cribbed copiously and impartially from the platform of all other political parties. He took his best thought from the Republican platform, added some freshly subjective statements from the Democratic platform and seasoned it all with that choice Scotchman's planks, the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

William Jennings Bryan has always claimed that the Ohio Roosevelt appropriation to himself and his family and other working men over paid them all upon an innocent and admiring world as the imagination of his own case and the result.

Ohio is having her flood troubles, too.

The Race and sidekick improvement is a race with pain and flood.

The Greenback party who opposed the killing of his father, who committed suicide to shield his mother from arrest on suspicion of murder, was no doubt actuated by filial piety of the highest, but nevertheless less mistaken motives.

Patrons of the theatre go to see good actors on the stage, not bad actors in the audience. The latter should either be public or gay away.

The hot water was present.

Death not infrequently wins the race for and against.

The Young Men's Christian Association campaign for funds is being conducted by good leadership.

High School athletes are or their way.

A minister pronounced a Larry Thaw as a "T. Thaw" and "T. Thaw" is good judgment but not conclusive.

The business of entering of railroad strikes is becoming more apparent in this city.

The trouble of the railroads are many and often between workers and strikes and prospective car short, and the managers have plenty to think about.

The Impassment of the South Conneltsville, Pa. (right) Conneltsville, Pa. for having voted in favor of the Bell tele-

phone ordinance, promises to make the new borough famous. The case has been carried up to E. Debs, Socialist candidate for President.

Full weather.
Listen to the band.
The leaves are not yellow but they are leaving.

San Francisco has had another shock.

What will the winter harvest be?

The earth tremors on the Pacific coast may be due to the tramping of the Bull Moose, but we doubt it.

The weather and the politics of the country have been mighty uncertain this year, and wise prophets are all hedging.

Professor Wilson is somewhat pedantic, which is a great Democratic disappointment after the Peerless Creator.

The gusty sky is no place for an artificial bird.

"Rory" is walking on rose-strewn pathways just now.

China's 70,000-mile railroad proposition easily makes her Big Business.

Martial law in West Virginia is making the lawyers poor.

Having repudiated and fled the Republican party to the Progressive movement, Chairman Watson is standing on the corner and shrilly shouting for Taft.

Bill Mann's Sheriff is under the probe, too.

THE GOOD WORK OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Continued.

The people of Conneltsville are soon to be given an opportunity to say whether or not they want the work of the Young Men's Christian Association continued. In coming to a right conclusion several questions should be asked and answered:

What is the purpose of this work? Is the local association fulfilling the purpose for which it was organized? If not, should it be continued along right lines, or should it be abandoned? To the first question it may be said that the work of the modern Young Men's Christian Association is to find out what real needs of the boys and young men of the community are not being fully supplied by the home, church and school, and then supply those needs. If every need of the youth of the community, physical, intellectual, spiritual and social are being supplied, then there is obviously no need of the Young Men's Christian Association. If there are any such needs unmet, then there is a corresponding need of the association. In Conneltsville it is obvious that the needs of the boys and young men are out of school, and whatever needs they may have are not being supplied by the schools, since the schools reach only their own students. The churches and homes cannot supply the physical and intellectual training which are essential to the normal development of youth for the simple reason that they cannot afford the equipment and supervision required for such training. That is why the home and churches are unable to supply the needs of the boys and young men of the community. It is an effort to jointly supply what they cannot individually afford.

To the second question it may be said that the local association has never measured up to the standard set by the association work in general, although no one is in position to say that the work done has not been well worth all it has cost the community.

To the third question it may be answered that if the public schools failed to meet the needs of the children, as they always in some measure have in every community, we would not think of abandoning the public school system, but would instead set ourselves to improving it. If the Presbyterian Church under the purview of Governmental Prudential should fail to measure up to its privilege and duty as a church body we would not think of abandoning it. We would look about for a new preacher and take steps toward making the work what it should and could be. In the same way, as long as there is need of such work as the Young Men's Christian Association in general are doing being done in Conneltsville, it would seem that we would be very delinquent in our duty to our boys and young men if we should not attempt to supply the need.

To the question whether it pays, it may be answered that such formal work as this cannot pay, but it is measured. No one can tell how many cases of smallpox have been prevented, or how many lives saved, by vaccination. But we know by reasoning from cause to effect that vaccination is a boon to humanity. No one knows just what influences brought to bear at the right time saved a young man who otherwise would have been ruined, and gave to the world instead of a criminal a useful citizen. Only by the law of cause and effect can the work of the Young Men's Christian Association be measured. We are responsible for playing before our boys the best, the present day civilization affords, and in the most attractive way. If, despite our best efforts, some go wrong we shall not be guilty, but if by reason of our neglect a single young man is led into the path that leads to a wasted life, and eternal death, we shall all be responsible for the fruits of our neglect.

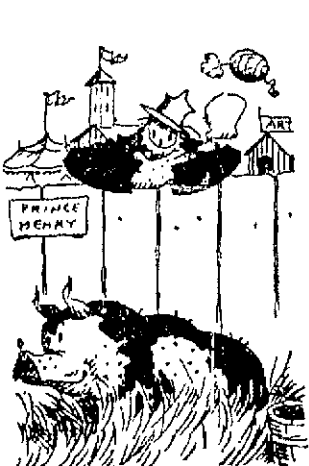
Skeletons in Fayette City Yards. Three skeletons, side by side, were exhumed by a huge steam shovel in the new yards of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad in the north end of Fayette City. They were located near the water's edge of the Monongahela river, with heads to the east. Workmen gathered the pieces together and reburied them.

Douglas School Boy Cuts Foot. John Farrell, of Spear's Hill, Dunbar, suffered a cut on his foot while at school yesterday. It was necessary to stitch the wound.

THE FICKLE FAN



Abe Martin.



Mr. and Mrs. J. Dwight Moon, whose brilliant wedding has been the sole topic of the early summer months, have returned. Mrs. Moon has resumed her position behind the granite work counter at the Trade Palace, while her husband is the guest of his folks. All the world hates a knacker.

CLASSIFIED ADS.
ONE CENT A WORD.

Wanted.

WANTED—YOU TO ADVERTISE IN our classified columns.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply 122 S. PITTSBURG STREET. 13sep12

WANTED—EXPERIENCED PIANO player to take charge of music department. A. H. JOHNSON. 13sep12

WANTED—AT ONCE, 25 LABORERS 9 hour day. Good pay. DOLLINGER AND SONS CONSTRUCTION CO., Broad Ford, Pa. 13sep12

WANTED—AT THE OLIVER COKE plants Nos. 1, 2, 3, coal miners and coke shovellers. Apply to foreman of the respective plants. 3may12

WANTED—AGENTS, MAN AND woman to sell. Apply FICK'S ORIENTAL CLOTHING HOUSE, Opposite Wyman Hotel. 9-13sep12

WANTED—SALESMAN TO TRAVEL Fayette, Somerset, Bedford, Garrett, Allegheny, Monongahela, Preston, Tucker Grant and Mineral counties. Sell Sweet Slickers Coffee and Maple Flakes to the grocery trade. Good commission. CHAS. F. PRATZKE, 230 S. 8th, Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 13sep12

WANTED—GRIDLEY, BROWN & Sharp and Acme Automatic Screw Machines, Operators, Universal Grinders, Vertical and Horizontal Boring Mill Hands, Turnsmiths, (familiar with blue prints), First Class Machine Lathes, Planes, Shapers, Millers, and Face and Tool Grinders, Shims and Plan Milling Machine Hands, Radial Drill Press Hands, Steam Millers, Gearing Locksmiths (Schlosser). Apply at Employment Depart., WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., East Pittsburgh, Pa. 13sep12-13

For Rent.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM, Apartment 7, McCLINTON PLAZA, 206 N. PITTSBURG STREET. 13sep12

FOR RENT—FIVE-ROOM MODERN house. Inquire of ELLIOTT SOULES, Hock Addition. 7sep12-13

FOR RENT—SIX ROOM HOUSE with all conveniences. Apply HARVEY SILCOX'S MEAT MARKET. 12sep12

FOR RENT—APPROXIMATE OCTOBER 1st, desirable second floor apartment. Good location for physician. Inquire of F. T. EVANS, 136 S. PITTSBURG STREET. 13sep12-13

FOR RENT—FOUR ROOM HOUSE, cellar, water and gas, Park Street, four room house, cellar, water and gas, Fairview Avenue, six room house with bath, cellar, water and gas, East Main Street. Apply MRS. ROSE STELLER. 12sep12-13

The Season's Best Suits

They're here in many well chosen and exclusive styles. The Best Suits that money and experience could secure from the most noted Makers in all the land!

We're sure that Your Suit Affinity is here, and right now is the best of all times to pick it out.

If you've never been here for your Clothes, come to see what you've been missing.

Every new style feature is worked out in the most beautiful woollens you ever saw.

Priced Down to \$15.00. Priced up to \$25.00.

Handsome Fall Overcoats in new models and fabrics—garments that are classy and out of the rut!

Copyright, 1912, A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

E. W. HORNER,

Pittsburg and Main Sts., Connellsville, Pa.

Wash Materials

In Select Fabrics
Suitable for Fall Wear.

Below we mention a few of our fall wash fabrics which on account of their good weights, select patterns, fast colors and moderate prices are sure to be popular with the trade.

Devonshire Suitings

An excellent wash fabric, 32 inches wide in light and dark stripes and plain colors. Suitable for girls' school dresses, boys' suits, house dresses, etc. Guaranteed and tub proof, 25c.

Galateas

A new line of these in plain and light and dark colors for children's school dresses and suits. The plain white is in much demand for women's skirts. Figures and stripes, 18c.

Nobby Suitings

New novelty Suits in blue, lavender and brown and 30 inches wide. Suitable for ladies' waists and one piece dresses, children's dresses, etc., 50c.

Kimona Goods

Serpentine crepes, cotton challis, fancy outings, etc., in new and attractive designs and color combinations. Also shown in kindergarten patterns, 27 and 30 inches wide and priced at 12/2c 18c and 25c.

Momette Cloth

A soft, silky, highly finished cotton fabric shown in a good range of colors and 30 inches wide, price 25c.

New Gingham

for children's school dresses and suits. An unusually pretty assortment of plaids, stripes, checks and broken bars. 27 and 30 inches wide and marked to sell at 12/2c and 15c.

Our \$25.00 Suits.

When you are thinking of a Suit, think of these. Don't imagine because the price is only \$25.00 that they do not possess the height of style and workmanship. They are really the sort of garment you would expect to pay \$35.00 for elsewhere, but as has been our custom for years we again offer at this price the very best Suit value it has been possible to find. Made of good quality worsteds, serges, English suitings, etc., in all the leading fall colorings. Ask to see them, look them over and be your own judge as to their value. \$25.00

Art Needlework.

A complete new line just in. Entirely new patterns, prettier than ever and stamped in plain black and tints on a good quality embroidery linen. Mostly conventional designs. Cushions, round and oval centre pieces, table runners, pillow cases, doilies, towels, aprons, jabots, scarfs and pin cushions to match, etc. Also, a full line of embroidering yarns in white and colors, fringes, laces, finishing braids, etc. Prices very moderate.

E. DUNN

N. PITTSBURG ST. CONNELLSVILLE.

READ THE COURIER.

Watch for

The B. B. Co.

Our Fall Shoes for Women.

Shoes for Merit.

We open the Fall Season with the finest display of Women's Footwear we have ever shown and are now asking your consideration.

We show the best efforts of the best makers of women's Shoes, and they're indeed "Shoes for Merit."

The Woman who wants moderate priced Shoes can find here the best Shoes ever offered her for the money.

The Woman who is looking for shoe elegance can revel in the luxury of our aristocratic Shoes.

No Woman can come here with a shoe requirement that we cannot meet to her entire satisfaction.

We sell Zeigler Bros. and Queen Quality.

Downs' Shoe Store

127 N. Pittsburg Street, Connellsville.

Boys' and Girls' School Shoes.

An army of children come here for School Shoes and they get the best School Shoes made. Best leathers, best formed Shoes, and best shoemaking.

It costs much less in the end, for children's Shoes, when they are bought here.

They Stand the Test.

HOOPER & LONG,

104 West Main Street.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with H. Conant Doyle of "The Land of the Bashville," etc.
Copyright by B. F. Robinson

THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

"Does not that sad underworld of crime in which you move sometimes drive you into a cynical disbelief in all mankind?" I suggested.

"It was a bitter night, and the inspector and I were blowing out tobacco from seats confronting before a roaring fire. The wind rattling at the base of the window added the luxury of a reminder that it must be extremely unpleasant in the street-wet streets outside.

"Not how bad men are; it is how good they are that is surprising," quoted Peace, with a nod of his head.

"We sat in silence for a while before he spoke again.

"I have let a breaker of the law go free in my time—perhaps more than once," he continued. "The law cannot take cognizance of all the tricks that Fate plays on man."

I smiled a tale, and remained silent.

"You think you have driven me into story-telling?" he said.

"I am at your mercy; but I hope so," I told him.

He leaned forward, tapping the ashes from his pipe against the brass of the fender. Then he began:

"About a year ago I received a message from Guy's hospital that there was a patient lying very ill who wished to see me. I recognized him the moment I set foot in the ward—a gentleman born and bred who had slipped down the ladder from running his own horses to dodging the police as a bookmaker's tout. He was a half-and-half fellow, but he was a gentleman, and he was a gentleman to boot. He was a half-and-half fellow, but he was a gentleman, and he was a gentleman to boot.

"Well, Henderson," I said, "what's the trouble?"

"I'm done, Peace," he whispered. "They're no more use for me this side of the black river; but I wanted to see you before I answered the call. You mustn't talk like that," I said, though he was looking pretty bad. "They'll put you on your knees again in a month. You can bet on that, my lad."

"It don't matter much either way," he smiled, in a quiet way he had— "so let us get to business. You had your share of trouble, I understand, in the matter of Julius Craig last spring."

"I dodged."

"I was in that job," he said; "and after what happened I should like to tell you the truth about it. I may have been a pretty bad lot in my time, inspector, but you'll find my limits, and murder was one of them."

"I won't try to give you his exact words, for the poor fellow spoke very slowly, with big pauses in between. But this is close upon the story as he told it to me.

I expect you know the Blue Shield in Pershing street. Take them one with another, the customers are about the worst crowd in all London. One Saturday night, towards the end of March—last year—I had joined the gang there, hoping to meet some friend with the price of a drink upon him, for I was broke to the wide, wide world. Bill Madman, who was afterwards hanged for bank note forgeries in Manchester, had that ordered me a whiskey; and I was sitting on a stool watching the barman reach down the special Scotch, when I walked a moon-faced fellow, very fat and prosperous, with a dark blue overcoat and a diamond in his necktie. He looked about him, screwing up his eyes as a near-sighted man will do, and then came over to where I was sitting.

"Mr. Henderson, I believe," he said.

"That's my name," I told him, wondering who he might be.

"I have been recommended to you by a mutual friend," he said; "but I cannot discuss my business here. My carriage is waiting, if you will give me your company for ten minutes."

I hesitated a moment, until Madman, who seemed to know him, least of all, as he said the words, and he chuckled softly to himself, with a sound like water coming out of a bottle. It seemed an offer of life to me—a promise of everything the lack of which makes each day a torment to the man who has known clean comfort.

"Is it murder?" I asked him.

"Oh, my dear sir, you surprise me!" he cried, lifting his flabby hands. "What a horrible suggestion! Allow me to explain at once. Have you ever heard of Julius Craig?"

"My company promoter, who once

renized the Spanish mine swindler of course I have."

"Did you know him by sight?"

"He used to come racing. A tall, thin, melancholy-looking fellow with a black beard—wasn't he?"

"Yes, that is Julius Craig. He is now in Princetown prison with six more years to run. The climate of Dartmoor is not suited to his health. He is anxious to change his residence; he does I blame him, Mr. Henderson, for it is the most desolate spot in all England. I am in a position to offer you the sum I have mentioned if you will arrange his escape. Do you agree?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Ah, that is most satisfactory. Tomorrow I will send you half the money with some little suggestions of my own as to your plan of campaign. The second half you will receive when Mr. Craig is free. By the way, there are some curious relics of the stone age on the moors. Perhaps you might read up the subject and appear at Princetown as a student; yes, Mr. Henderson, that will suit you well—a student of prehistoric man."

I checked until the carriage shook. It was like driving with a soundless engine in a maze.

"I shall be glad of any advice you can give me," I said.

He pulled a cord, and when the carriage stopped I got out and stood waiting.

"Good night and good luck to you," he said, his great white face shining upon me from the window as he shook my hand. "I have your address. Drive on, Williams."

I might have been an old and trusted friend from the warmth of his manner. Yet as the carriage rolled away I noticed that he raised his little finger at the back to see that I didn't try to follow him.

The packet arrived next morning. The notes I stowed away in an inside pocket. The typewritten instructions were unsigned and undated.

According to them Craig was a member of gang "D," employed on a convict farm, in draining and inclosing a portion of moor by a stream known as the Black brook. Above the stream rose a small hill on which was an ancient cairn and stone circle that in my character as a student would offer an excuse for my presence.

Though communication with Craig could not be regularly established, he knew that an attempt was in preparation. The sight of a man in a white waterproof loitering on the cairn hill would be his signal that all was ready. Sudden fog was frequent upon the moor, and when they came while the convicts were at work in the fields, the chance of escape was excellent; for the authorities did not chain their men, and the warders rarely used their rifles. They trusted to the huge moors upon which men who escaped were easily retaken, half dead from fatigue and starvation.

Craig would make a rush for the cairn hill. From thence it was my duty to convey him to Torquay, thirty miles away on the coast. Once there he would know where to go, and my responsibility ended. A letter to the Torquay post office, under the name of W. Slade, would be forwarded to the writer if I required further assistance or had any questions of real importance.

That was all; but it was enough for me. Here was a scheme into which I could put my heart. There was no low-down swindling, no dirty work about it. I felt as gay as a schoolboy off for a holiday.

And so in three days' time that ragged rascal Jack Henderson disappeared from London, and the well-known Mr. Abel Kingsley, vagrant described in the visitors' book of the Princetown Arms as of Memphis University, U. S. A., was sitting on the cairn hill above the prison that held Julius Craig.

To the far horizon there stretched the melancholy moors, deserted wastes of rush marshes and stunted heather, broken here and there by outcrops of granite, that crowned the rolling ground like the ruins of a hundred feudal castles. For Dartmoor is a huge granite tableland, and on its barren surface no corn will grow nor tree flourish.

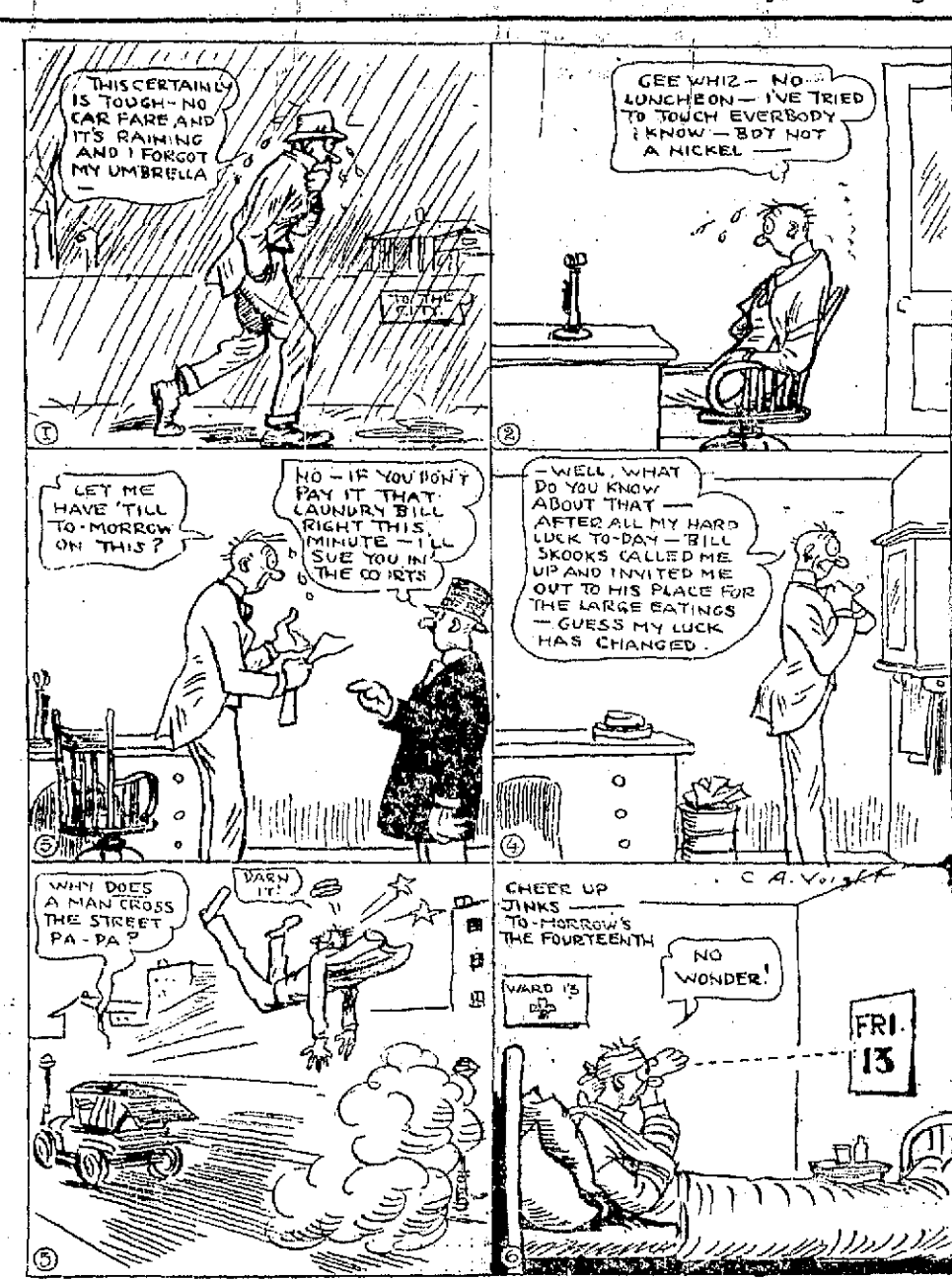
Beneath the ramparts of its containing hills lies the garden of Devon, a land of orchards and pleasant woods, of cornfields and pasture farms; but the moors have defied the farmer and remain the same and wilderness that prehistoric man inhabited four thousand years ago. You can see where he built his but circles, and set up his great stone avenues to the honor of dead chiefs.

It was an uncanny sort of place altogether, and I shivered as I sat in that lonely custody of the forgotten feld.

The huge prison was built on the opposite slope of the shallow valley, and the farm which the convicts had won by field stretched down from its walls to a brook at the foot of the cairn hill where I was. On the further edge of the brook a gang was at work leveling some new ground, and through my glasses I soon made out the man I was after. The last time I had seen him was on his own coach at Ascut, with the girls buzzing round him like wasps after nectar, and here he was digging trenches with a

FRIDAY.

By C. A. Voight.



shade. It's a funny world!

About twenty men were in the gang. On the outer side a couple of warders strolled up and down with rifles under their arms. There was nothing but a low hedge to stop the convicts with their spades and made a run for it. But when I looked back across the wastes of the moor I understood. In a city a man may vanish in a crowd, but on Dartmoor, he must tramp a dozen miles before he can find even a bush to hide him. In clear weather the mounted warders of the pursuit would ride him down in half an hour.

The Princetown Arms, a gray, weather-beaten square of granite, was a pleasant country inn standing near the center of the village. It was too early in the year for tourists. Indeed, as I discovered, there was only one man beside myself staying in the house, a Mr. Thomas Hearne, whose address in the visitors' book was, briefly London. When I came down to dinner that night I found him already seated at a little table with my knife and fork laid opposite. I wasn't anxious to make new acquaintances, but I couldn't very well ask them to lay another table for my benefit. So I took my chair, and wished him good evening as politely as possible.

He was a small, gray-haired man of over sixty, as I reckoned, and he seemed as disinclined for conversation as ever I was. For that I thanked my luck, and worked through the dinner with my brain busy with one plan after another. It was just as coffee was served that he asked the question which startled me.

"The landlady tells me you are studying the stone remains on the moor," he said. "Is it your opinion that they're Neolithic or Druidical?"

I cursed the landlady under my breath. I had told him my story, but I had forgotten he might pass it on to others.

"The latter, undoubtedly," I said; though, if the truth be told, I had no opinion whatever.

"I cannot agree with you. They were here before ever the Druids came over the sea. May I ask what arguments you advance in support of your theory?"

Everything I had read about those confounded stones slipped out of my mind in an instant. There was no good trying to bluff him, for he probably had the subject at his fingers' ends. So I nodded my head wisely, and suggested it was a bit too big a subject to start after dinner.

"I saw you by the cairn and circle above the Black brook this afternoon," he went on. "Is that to be the scope of your present investigations?"

"I have no definite plan at present," I said with a snap.

He took a long look at me and nodded his head. I left the table as soon as I could do so decorously, and went to the landlady and engaged a private room. I had had enough of talking meals with a Neolithic expert.

It was blowing hard next day, a fierce northwester that cleaned the clouds out of the sky like a sponge wadded with lint.

Just after eleven I started out to

make a further examination of the position. I wasn't such a fool as to march up to the cairn with old Hearne and a warder or two, as it might be, spying on me from another hillock, so I went down the high road that lay as white and clear across the gray moor as a streak of paint, until I had left the place some distance behind me. No one, so far as I could see, was in sight, and presently I turned off the road along a disused cart track that seemed to lead in the direction I wanted. Its ancient ruts were filled with sprouting heather, and the short moor turf had covered up the hoof-marks with a velvet surface.

I had walked a good quarter of a mile, when, rounding a curve of the hill, I found the old road explained in the ruins of a small farm, one of those

melancholy memorials of a time when frozen meat was unknown, and it paid a man to breed cattle and sheep and cultivate a wheat field or two even on Dartmoor. The roof had fallen in, and the woodwork had been carried away, but the stone walls of the house and outbuildings still remained undisturbed by a hundred years of storm. A weather-beaten cherry tree was pushing out its spring leafage before the door.

Leaving the farm, I began to climb the cairn hill, as I must call it for want of a better name, which sheltered the farm from the north and west.

It was rough walking, for the heather was set thick with granite boulders. At last I reached the top, skirted the mound set about with stones where the prehistoric chief lay sleeping—and very nearly stepped upon the body of that old fellow, Thomas Hearne.

Luckily for me he never turned his head. The wind on the face of the hill was blowing in great gusts like the firing of a cannon, and my footsteps had been drowned in its thunder. I crept back behind a heap of tumbled rocks and dropped on my hands and knees, watching him through a convenient crevice. He lay flat on his chest, while he covered the gang at work in the new ground below with a small telescope.

It might be curiosity, of course, for many men regard a convict as something abnormal, something that is as pleasant to stare at as it is to be the central king at a fair. And yet that seemed a weak explanation. Was he in with the police? Had they got news that an attempt at rescue was to be made? If so, I stood the best chance in the world of finding myself in the county jail within the week.

There was nothing to be gained by imagining bad luck. I walked back to the inn, and set down to a study of the district with maps I had brought with me. There was only one railroad within many miles, and that was the single track that ran up from Plymouth in Princetown village. At the first signal that a convict had escaped the station would be full of warders; so that outlet was barred. South of the moor, fifteen miles away, ran another branch line ending at Ashburton. But I was determined to leave the railroad alone. The stations would be the first places to be watched by the police. Torquay, some thirty miles away, might easily be reached by a good horse and trap within the day. I could hire one for a month through the landlady, with the excuse that I wanted it for my exploring expeditions amongst the stone remains. It would surprise no one if it were seen off the roads with a luncheon-basket prominently displayed. So I decided.

I questioned the girl who brought the meal to my sitting-room as to old Hearne, but she could give me little information. He had arrived at the inn a couple of days before I appeared, and had spent most of his time in long walks on the moors. She thought he had a friend amongst the prison officials, for she had twice seen him coming out of the great gates down the street. That was all—and it left me more anxious about him than before. It was becoming



Should the style really reach this country our artist has shown how Colored Bryan and Senator La Follette might look.

very plain that before I took any decided step towards the escape, I must make sure of this man's business on the moors.

After dinner I walked into the inn bar to buy a smoke, and found Hearne with his back to the fire, talking to the landlady. As I entered, they both dropped into an uneasy silence. I was certain they had been discussing me, but I didn't want to let them know it, and so began to talk big about the scenery. I stayed down for about half an hour, and then allowed that I would get back to my writing I had to do.

"I'm glad you admire the moor, Mr. Kingsley," said the landlady, holding back the door for me. "Nothing quite like it in the states, I should think."

"Upon my soul, I was as near as may be to owning I had never been there. But I remembered that I was Abel Kingsley, of Memphis, just in time.

"No," I said, "it's something quite unique."

"It's a wild place, sir," he went on. "Very wild and desolate. You should take a walk one night when the moon is full, as it is now. Then you would understand how the stories of ghost hounds and headless riders and devils in the mire first started. Mr. Hearne here is going to take my advice."

"Tonight?" I asked, turning to the old fellow.

"No, Mr. Kingsley, I am too tired to think of it tonight," he said. "Tomorrow or the next day, perhaps."

I wished them a good evening and tramped up the stairs to my sitting-room, which looked over the moors at the back of the inn. I was certainly splendidly situated, with a great view of the moor and the sea. The strange story—as they call the granite caps of the hills—in black silhouette upon the luminous skyline. I lit a pipe and sat there in the shadows, thinking, thinking. It was pleasant to be a decent man again, to wear clean linen and boots with real laces; to wash and shave and brush myself daily. I was back in my Eden days before the fall, when six hunters were in my stable, and men and women were glad to know Jack Henderson of Lowood Hall in the best of counties. I was away from Princetown village in the midst of happy memories when I came to my senses with the sound of a soft tapping under the window. There were tip-toe shuffling footsteps on the gravel of the yard; Heaven knows but my ear had been well trained to such steps as those.

I crept softly to my window and peered out. The man was almost across the yard, moving in the shadow of the pig-sty. As he stopped at the wicket-gate that opened on to the moor, he turned his head to the moon. It was Hearne again.

I decided on that instant, I slipped on my boots and ran down the stairs. The landlady was looking up for the night as I came to the front door.

"I'm going to take your advice," I said with a laugh.

"Very good, sir; I will sit up for you."

"No, no, give me the key. Has Mr. Hearne gone to bed?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago."

"His room is on the first floor, isn't it?"

"No, sir; he chose one on the ground floor. He preferred it."

The wiser man, thought I. He needed no door when he had but to open his window and step out.

When I got to the back of the inn, Hearne was a good four hundred yards away, climbing a low ridge. As he disappeared over its edge I set off running at top speed, for I was that in no broken and rugged place I should have to keep close to his heels or I should lose him altogether. It was well I did so, for when I reached the crest of the rise he had vanished.

Presently, however, I caught sight of him again, walking very fast down a hollow at right angles to the line he first took. It led in the direction of the cairn hill.

It was hard work, that two miles' stalk across the moor. Sometimes I ran, sometimes crept, sometimes lay flat on my chest with my head buried in the heather like an ostrich. Once I tried to cut a corner across what seemed a plot of level turf and struggled back, panting, from the grasp of the bog with the black slime almost to my waist. But I took great credit for my performance since the old man tramped steadily forward, showing no sign of having seen me.

He did not climb the cairn hill as I had half expected, but skirted along the base until he came to the track which led to the ruined farm. Down this he walked quickly and passed through the doorway of the main building. I remained upon the slope of the hill, waiting for him to reappear. Five, ten minutes went by, and then my curiosity got the better of my prudence. I determined to go down and see what he was about.

The place was sheltered from the gale, but I could hear it yelping and humming in the rocks above, now and again a gust came curling up the valley, setting the heather whispering around me. I crept forward over the soft turf of the cart track, reached the gap where the door had been, hesitated, listened, and then stuck in my head.

I had been a boxer in my time, or that would have been the end of me. As I ducked, the heavy stick flicked off my cap and crashed into the wall with a nasty thud. I jumped back, and he came storming out through the doorway like a madman. I never saw more beastly fury in a man's eyes. I side-stepped, and he missed me again—it was a knife this time. Then I woke up and let him have it with my right under the ear. He staggered, dropping the knife. As he stooped to pick it up, I jumped for him and in ten seconds more was sitting on his chest, pegging out his arms on the turf. He tried a stirrup

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A white serge, with white satin trimmings, was made up as illustrated above.

The foundation is a plain kimono dress, closing just at the left of the front and the vest effect is applied and is cut in the form of a deep round collar in the back. Loops and buttons of white silk close the front and turquoise blue velvet ribbon is used for the bows and belt.

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Harry McGibbons, Dunbar.

gle or two; but he soon saw that I was far the stronger man, and so my putting, with a hopeless despair in his face, that, in a man of his age was shocking to witness. He had tried to kill me, but, on my honor, I felt sorry for him.

"Well, Mr. Hearne," I said, "and what does this mean?"

"Too old," he gasped. "Twenty years ago—different. How did you suspect? It was justice—nothing but bare justice, by Heaven!"

"Now, what in the world do you think I am?" I asked him, in great surprise.

"A detective. You couldn't deceive me."

I got to my feet with a curse at the middle I had made of it, and I sat up staring at me as if he thought I had gone clean crazy of a sudden.

"I'm no detective," I said angrily, "though I was fool enough to believe you were one."

To be Continued.

